

The Schlelein Family

Missionaries to the Tsongas of South Africa

SEPTEMBER 2014 | LIMPOPO, SOUTH AFRICA

Answering Some Ethical Dilemmas

In July, I asked for your input regarding ten African ethical dilemmas we are facing. Thanks to those who replied. I recently posted [my own conclusions](#) and since these are real life examples, I included not only my counsel but what actually happened in some of those situations.

Pastor Lucky and other Incongruities

In our little rural village, Pastor Lucky is probably the most famous--or infamous--depending on which team you play for. He's in his middle twenties and lives with his girlfriend and mother in a shack on the mountain. His packed out weekday crusades, peopled mostly by women and children, can be heard from a mile away. Here are some quotes:

- "I will give you demons three seconds to leave, and if you don't, I will kill you." (I then watched as he led the crowd in a New Year's Eve countdown, after which he began a slayin').
- "Everyone here [who believes] will be managers next year. Qualifications for the post aren't needed. This doesn't matter to God."
- "Your pastor needs a suit that is at least \$250."

Pastor Alex from Soweto teaches that having faith in the Man of God sometimes means getting jumped on.

Making matters worse, his assembly now meets on Sunday about 70 yards from our church. Their building consists of felled trees, rough planking, torn canvas, and sub-woofers the size of Port-a-Johns. Since being in our new building, gone are the days of chickens flying through our congregation. Now I'm more concerned with outshouting our neighbor. Pray that God would use the preaching and character of our church to overturn [the foolishness](#) of the prosperity gospel in our village.

Items of Special Prayer

Pray for our special Dedication Service at our new building this Sunday. This is a historical event for our church as it caps off two years of tireless labor. Not only did we put the fence in ourselves, we cut down the trees too. We did the masonry *and* made some of the bricks. This has created a great sense of ownership among our people.

Those in attendance will be Tsonga, Venda, Indian, Afrikaans, and English, fomenting visions of that future day when every tongue, tribe and nation will commence a heavenly choir before our Maker's throne. The snarled roots of apartheid still run deep in South Africa, scrubbed clean from government but prevalent in hearts. You can see it in a glance, a slight, a snub. Or, more noticeably, one sees it when the rural villages are the very *last* place missionaries want to live. But gatherings like this coming Sunday will remind us that God is no respecter of persons. We are all brothers and sisters in the Great Bloodline. And as a hundred black and white and brown faces pack our little church, is it not hors devours for the Marriage Supper of the Lamb?

For the Bridegroom's Glory,
The Schlelein Seven